Enter the King diſguiſed, to him Piſtoll.

Piſt. Ke ve la?
King. A friend.
Piſt. Diſcus vnto me, art thou Gentleman?
Or art thou common, baſe, and popeler?
King. No ſir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.
Piſt. Trailes thou the puiſſant pike?
King. Euen ſo ſir, What are you?
Piſt. As good a gentleman as the Emperour.
King. O then thou art better then the King?
Piſt. The kings a bàgo, and a hart of gold.
Piſt. A lad of life, an impe of fame:
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant:
I kis his durtie ſhoe: and from my hart ſtrings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?
King. *Harry* le Roy.
Piſt. Le Roy, a Corniſh man?
Art thou of Corniſh crew?
Kin. No ſir, I am a Wealchman.
Piſt. A Wealchman: knowſt thou *Flewellen*?
Kin. I ſir, he is my kinſman.
Piſt. Art thou his friend?
Kin. I ſir.
Piſt. Figa for thee then: my name is *Piſtoll*.
Kin. It ſorts well with your fierceneſſe.
Piſt. *Piſtoll* is my name.

Exit Piſtoll.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gour. Captaine *Flewellen*.
Flew. In the name of Ieſu ſpeake lewer.
It is the greateſt folly in the worell, when the auncient
Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.
I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,
You ſhall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there:

But

But you ſhall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies, to be otherwiſe.
Gour. Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.
Flew. Godes ſollud, if the enemy be an Aſſe & a Foole,
And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be alſo a foole,
And a prating cocks-come, in your conſcience now?
Gour. Ile ſpeake lower.
Flew. I beſeech you do, good Captaine *Gower*.

Exit Gower, and Flewellen.

Kin. Tho it appeare a litle out of faſhion,
Yet theres much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?
2. *Soul.* I we ſee the beginning,
God knowes whether we ſhall ſee the end or no.
3. *Soul.* Well I thinke the king could wiſh himſelfe
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And ſo I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.
Kin. Now maſters god morrow, what cheare?
3. S. I faith ſmall cheer ſome of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day ende.
Kin. Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.
2. S. I he may be, for he hath no ſuch cauſe as we
Kin. Nay ſay not ſo, he is a man as we are.
The Violet ſmels to him as to vs:
Therefore if he ſee reaſons, he feares as we do.
2. *Sol.* But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make,
If his cauſe be not good: when all thoſe ſoules
Whoſe bodies ſhall be ſlaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And ſay *I* dyed at ſuch a place. Some ſwearing:
Some their wiues rawly left:
Some leauing their children poore behind them.

Now